

~ Eight Bells ~
News from below decks aboard
Le Pecheur D'Etoiles
www.bahamashighadventure.com

Troop 107

August 3 2007

Ahoy! This be the news of the horrid, stinkin', feared crew of Troop 107. Within this...tome...be the story of our journey around the Bahamas, with all of the sunburn, joybath-ing, and chafing that comes with it! Read on for the story:

Saturday, July 28

The crew arrived from Marsh Harbor airport already smelly from the six-hour flight delay at Fort Lauderdale. We were driven down to the docks where we met the swashbuckling, courageous, and rather scruffy Captain Dell, with his loyal companion Sunny right beside him in the dingy. Loading up our gear, we headed off to the *Le Pecheur De' Etoiles*, where we met the fearsome Capt. Jack Spatula. After a lengthy orientation and delicious hamburgers, we set out our rolls and welcomed the sleep that followed.

Sunday, July 29

Groggy from the previous night's watch and Feared No-Beard's revile, the whole crew set out to polish, scrub, wipe, and cook aboard the ship for the first time. Although we had a bit of a late start, the galley crew's French toast woke us up enough to prepare us to motor out of Marsh Harbor and go towards Matlow Keys, where all of the boys took their swim test. Hooray! All passed! Following that, we excitedly gathered around the Captain while he taught us ship physics and how to handle the *Pecheur* without the motor. After some trouble with everything but the mizzen men (Ethel "Backhand" _____ and Bottoms Up Bill), we set out for Man-O'-War, went for a swim, and went through the first round of the bowline competition, of which the winner was No-Beard. That night our notorious



whistlers brought on a storm, and the entire crew was forced below decks.



Monday, July 30

All of us rushed through our morning duties and breakfast in anticipation for our upcoming trip ashore to Man-O'-War. We spent a total of two hours aboard the island, drinking Goombay Punch and Island Freezes until we were satisfied. We came back to the *Pecheur* and sailed off (a bit faster this time) to Mermaid Reef, and strange corals and fishes were observed by all. A few hours later the infamous Emsy arrived from London, and immediately began to make us clean and scrub the human back into our souls. Later in the afternoon the Captain elections were held (nominations were the previous day), and it was decided that Capt. McChafedBalls would lead the crew. That night we enjoyed the musical talent of *Admiral* Dell and his wife. Afterwards we all gladly went to bed after a long day.

Tuesday, July 31

With a quick revile and a fast awakening crew, we set out for Baker's Bay, an area of dolphin, barracuda, and many conch sightings before. We snorkeled for shells along the beach for as long as we could take the taste of salt and motor oil. Some of the crew followed Emsy to the coral rocks to gather wood for our beach barbeque, which happened around six-o'clock that day. All who were hungry fed on perfectly roasted (but mostly thoroughly burnt) hot dogs and marshmallows, and when we had our fill we went back to the boat for round two of the bowline competition. The winner of the Coca-Cola prize was...No-Beard. Again. Arrr...

Wednesday, August 1

Aye! Today be Pirate Day, see. We all got our accents together and boated over to Baker's Bay, see. The crew took a long walk to the other side of the island thing. We saw squid, barracuda, parrotfish, and other stuff, alright. The sails were setted up and we goes over to Treasure Island.

Some of the crew got some good coconuts to eat, see, and the others went snorkeling in the abandoned machinery. Following our Salmagundi (pirate raiding dinner) we held the pirate competition, see, and the winner was Hubert Cumberland. Since we already had judges on board from the competition, we held a trial for our whistlers, see, and due to the opinions of the Captain he was given the black spot, and Stinky Pete was the new leader.

Thursday, August 2

After breakfast and much scrubbing, the Admiral gave us an interesting informative talk on communication and how we send, receive, and interpret messages. Some of us went back to Treasure Island, others went snorkeling, but the rest of us stayed on the boat and got some much needed rest. We eventually hoisted sail (the best time so far) and headed off toward the Guana Keys. Going into town there was very relaxing for all of us, and we were able to once again find the civilized world in the bottom of an icy Coca-Cola. The crew was ready to work again after coming back from the famous bar Nipper's, so the galley crew got down to cooking our last dinner: a hearty beef stew with *all* of our leftovers. Dinner was followed by a, and this is a quote, "spectacular display of manly pirate talent." Ask Sherman Power for more details. The bowline finals were one by...No-Beard. The crew was not happy. We had our final little get-together we a bit of clanging drums and whistling recorders. The crew went to bed, both happy for their return home and sad to leave their new one.

Friday, August 3

As the Admiral motored us back toward Marsh Harbor, we quickly packed up and scrubbed every inch of the *Pecheur*. Our last meal was of Honey Buns, and the rest of the crew relaxed on the ride while the editor frantically tried to finish this newsletter. We went ashore for a short time, and upon our return we had the presentations, and then gladly and sadly went off to the airport.

That be the tale of the infamous crew of 107. Our trials and tribulations paid off in the end, and we all grew a little more. Although we will all miss Captain Del, Captain Jack, Emsy, and Sunny, who knows – we might just come back!